

L. & N.

Time Card No. 136
Effective Sunday, Jan. 5, 1913

TRAINS GOING SOUTH.
No. 92—C. & N. O. Lim. 11:55 p. m.
No. 51—St. L. Express 6:35 p. m.
No. 99—Dixie Limited, 10:41 p. m.
No. 95—Dixie Flyer, 9:01 a. m.
No. 55—Hopkinsville Ac. 7:18 a. m.
No. 58—St. L. Fast Mail 5:33 a. m.

TRAINS GOING NORTH.
No. 92—C. & St. L. Lim., 5:25 a. m.
No. 52—St. Louis Express, 9:12 a. m.
No. 98—Dixie Limited, 7:03 a. m.
No. 94—Dixie Flyer, 6:53 p. m.
No. 56—Hopkinsville Ac. 8:55 p. m.
No. 54—St. L. Fast Mail, 10 p. m.
Nos. 95 and 94 will make Nos. 92 and 91's stops except 94 will not stop at Mannington and No. 95 will not stop at Mannington or Empire.

Nos. 5 and 54 connect at St. Louis for Chicago west.
No. 51 connects at Guthrie for Memphis and points as far south as Griffin, and for Louisville, Cincinnati and the east.
Nos. 53 and 55 make direct connections at Guthrie for Louisville, Cincinnati and all points north and east thereof. Nos. 53 and 55 also connect for Memphis and way points.
No. 92 runs through to Chicago and will not carry passengers to points south of Evansville.
No. 95 carries through sleepers to Atlanta, Macon, Jacksonville, St. Augustine and Tampa, Fla. Also Pullman sleepers to New Orleans. Connects at Guthrie for points East and West. No. 95 will not carry local passengers for points north of Nashville, Tenn.

J. C. HOGE, Agt.

Tennessee Central

Time Table No. 4 Taking Effect

November 17, 1912.

EAST BOUND

No. 12 Leave Hopkinsville 6:30 a. m.
Arrive Nashville... 9:45 a. m.
No. 14 Leave Hopkinsville 3:45 p. m.
Arrive Nashville... 7:00 p. m.

WEST BOUND

No. 11 Leave Nashville... 7:55 a. m.
Arrive Hopkinsville 11:10 a. m.
No. 13 Leave Nashville... 5:00 p. m.
Arrive Hopkinsville 8:15 p. m.

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LUCID AS HER SEX

Confusion of Roses and Middle Names Imperiling in Matrimonial Affairs.

By ETHEL BARRINGTON.

"Will you excuse me?" Miss Claire hurried away to the telephone, leaving her guest lounging in the arm chair. Her voice came floating back to him. "What is that? Oh, you poor child, I wish I could—!" Here followed a long explanation about "mamma" and "friends to dine," to which Miss Claire's guest paid scant heed. He had risen, looking with unmistakable interest at a small photograph. With a hasty glance, to make sure he was unobserved, he studied the pictured face, winsome to a degree even in the photograph.

"It's too good a face to be hard, and cold, and fickle," was his verdict. The picture continued to smile up at him in the most disarming fashion, and so intent did he become that he failed to notice Miss Claire's return, until she stood at his side. He set the photograph down, turning over in his mind several things a fellow might say under the circumstances, yet somehow they all stuck in his throat.

"Perfect likeness, don't you think?" commented Miss Claire, when the silence had lasted as long as good manners permitted. "Did you know it was she at the phone?"

"No," trying not to look interested. "She is sick and alone," Miss Claire's tone was half tragic.

"Ah," there was no attempt, this time, at indifference.

"Neither of you will be frank with me," complained the mutual friend, sighing. "I don't know what it is all about, but I'm sorry it happened."

"Lucid, as your sex," laughed the young man shortly. "Still, you are no more in the dark than I; nor, is it quite so rough on you."

"Can it be something your cousin has done?"

"They don't even know each other."

Miss Claire folded her arms, demanding with judicial air, "Gordon Hearst Mitchell, if you could straighten it out, would you? Enough, call this afternoon," she laughed gaily at his look of indecision, adding before he could formulate objections: "Put your pride in your pocket, or wherever it can be conveniently hidden, and do as I tell you."

"Impossible; I've not seen her for three months—"

"Sit down! That's more sociable. Now listen; Gerda, suffering from a severe cold, is alone in the flat, has been for a week. The heavy storm prevented her asking anyone to take pity on her before. It is the psychological moment. She is so lonely that she intimated a welcome for her worst enemy if he'd only call."

"Did she? By George, you are a brick—!" The balance of Mr. Mitchell's remark was lost, as he struggled into his overcoat.

A half-hour later found him face to face with Gerda Muir, and so real was the girl's astonishment on seeing her visitor that for a moment she forgot her role, and was neither hard nor cold.

"The maid did not tell me—" she began, recovering her composure.

"I told her not; but learning you were sick and deserted, as it were, by your family, I came—"

"Most charitable of you. Will you have tea? It is cold out."

"Thanks; I like the weather; but when people take upon themselves the same characteristics, and suddenly freeze, it's not quite so pleasant."

The girl's mouth curved into a sarcastic little smile. "Has she really frozen? Well, I fancy you will survive. Put the tray here, Nora," turning her attention to the maid.

"I brought you some of your favorite flowers," pursued Gerda, displaying a few exquisite American beauty roses, but the girl scarcely vouchsafed them a look.

"The perfume is so overpowering," she remarked, growing a shade paler. "One or two lumps!" poisoning the sugar tongs in the air.

"None," returned the young man, gloomily. He would have enjoyed shaking her for pretending ignorance of his taste, only she seemed more adorable than ever with the suggestion of languor due to her cold. She kept the conversation skimming merely the surface of things, and though several times he essayed to introduce the personal note, she evaded it lightly. At length, tugging angrily at his mustache, he rose to go. His hostess, glancing at the clock, suddenly became more cordial.

"Don't go yet. I am expecting a friend. I know you will be charmed when you find out who."

"I came to see you—"

"And unexpectedly reap your reward for disinterestedness. There she is now," as the bell rang. Miss Muir hurried into the hall, where, writhing her small teeth, she resolved, "I won't show I care. He shall never know but what I was flirting, too. To dare to bring me roses again—"

"Oh, Maud," she cried gushingly aloud. "How glad I am to see you. Such a surprise for you; he came to inquire after my cold, and—and I kept him, because you had promised to come; was it not good of me?"

Her visitor blushed prettily. "I thought he might come, but scarcely so soon," she admitted. Slipping an arm about her friend, Miss Muir entered the drawing room.

"Now, don't say I'm not a witch."

she cried gaily to Gordon. "I'll leave you two together while I provide a fresh supply of hot water and cake." Her cheeks were burning, but she felt triumphant. She had "got even" as she expressed it to herself. He would never know, now, how he had fooled her.

Meanwhile Maud stared at the man in whose company she found herself; certainly he was not the person her friend had led her to expect.

"Our hostess evidently thinks us acquainted," laughed the young man. "So may I introduce myself? I'm Gordon Hearst Mitchell."

"Oh—and I'm Maud Karcher." "Awfully glad to know you. My cousin's a lucky chap. That is the reason Miss Muir thought we knew each other."

"Doubtless," responded Miss Karcher, dimpling; "though I haven't had a chance to tell her yet; it's not such old news. There he is!" as the gong sounded once more.

"Mr. Mitchell," announced the maid, whereupon Miss Karcher fluttered eagerly forward, linking her arm in that of the newcomer.

"Oh, Gordon, isn't it nice; your cousin is here!" The two men shook hands cordially, and this was the picture that greeted their hostess on her return, followed by the maid bearing refreshments. Maud undertook the introduction with a charming air of proprietorship.

"Gerda, this is Mr. Gordon Howe Mitchell. Both friends of the other Mr. Mitchell. You ought to like each other. I," in an aside, "especially want you to. You see," she continued aloud, "they have to trot out their middle names on all occasions, or there would be no way of distinguishing them. One ought to be thankful they do not look as alike as they sound."

Gerda served tea with apparent composure, but her fingers trembled so, they caused quite a little clatter among the fragile china. Gordon Hearst Mitchell, watching her varying expression, received a sudden inspiration. He drew his chair quite close to his hostess.

"People have mixed us up—" he began.

"I was horridly ungracious about your roses—really, I love them," admitted Gerda, dropping her voice, whereat Gordon boldly imprisoned her hand, under cover of the table, felt her fingers cease trembling and nestle cozily down in his big warm palm.

"Am I forgiven?" he whispered.

"I should ask that," she glanced towards the other couple, but they had moved to the window, apparently forgetting everything but themselves.

"The very day you sent me those gorgeous roses, with—well, you know how the card read—I called on Maud, and there was a box of American beauties identical with mine. The card fell in such a way that I couldn't help but see—anyway, the name was Gordon H. Mitchell."

"You thought H. stood for Hearst?" "Naturally," confessed the girl, blushing rosily, "from my point of view there is no other 'Gordon.'"

An hour later Miss Claire was summoned to the telephone.

"You don't tell me?" she gasped, after listening intently for a few moments. "Of course I'll be bridesmaid, though I have been three times already, and it is recklessly imperiling my own chances in the matrimonial line."

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No Wonder It Was Cold. The absent-mindedness of the true scholar is well illustrated by this story from the Weekly Telegraph:

"My dear," said the professor, on entering the dining room, "don't alarm yourself, but a slight palsy has manifested itself in my left foot. In spite of the fact that the glass is 22 degrees Reaumur above zero, my right foot feels more than normally warm, whereas the left is quite rigid and stiff, and cold as ice."

Upon the directions of the family physician, who was summoned without delay, the professor was put to bed, when it was discovered that he had two socks on his right foot, and none on his left foot!

Only Way He Could Think Of. A story is told that Lady Constance Stewart Richardson, wishing, when she was dancing before the London public, to be vaccinated and at the same time not be marred by a scar, asked her physician where she had better be inoculated. The doctor replied that after seeing her performance that evening he could judge for himself the best way to conceal the operation. The next day, on Lady Constance presenting herself at his office, he looked at her with a twinkle in his eye and said: "I have come to the conclusion, Lady Constance, that you will have to swallow the vaccine!"

Great Cost Should Prevent. What the airships of the Zeppelin type will cost in case of a big war, rather than the benefits they will accomplish, is an item in the latest estimate of the cost of Germany's next war. Captain Henke, of the German general staff, has been studying the financial end of such a war, and has 1,000,000 men in the field, he estimates that the fatherland would spend \$2,660,000,000 a year—more than twice the present national debt. This stupendous figure represents nearly 37 per cent. of the earning capacity of the entire nation on a peace footing.

Handle With Care. Mother (at the shore)—Now, you must be very discreet with the young men you may meet here, Louise.

Elderly Daughter (with a sigh)—I know, mamma; they scare dreadfully easy!—Puck.

BOUND TO WIN IN THE END

Inez Milholland Confident of Victory for British Suffragists, and Points Moral With Story.

"You think the militants won't win in England? You think governmental repression will put them down? Well, then, you haven't digested the story of the satrap."

The speaker was Miss Inez Milholland, the beautiful suffragist of New York. She continued:

"A certain satrap had a favorite wife. She went walking in the palace gardens one day, and had not been long gone when a servant entered, crying:

"O, master, your wife is drowned. She was walking, as usual, beside the swift stream that flows through the hazel copse, and, stumbling over an exposed root, she fell into the water. Not once did she rise. We have not yet recovered her body."

"The satrap, a man of few words, quickly ordered that a strong horse be saddled, and, mounting the animal, he proceeded to ford his way upstream."

"He had not gone more than a mile beyond his own domain when an official respectfully asked him his errand."

"My wife," the satrap replied, "was drowned in this river, and I am searching for her body."

"But, sire," cried the official, "you are going against the stream. You'll never find her that way!"

"Ah," said the satrap, "you didn't know my wife."

INGRATITUDE



"I wouldn't mind him laffin' cep'n dat I give him dat banana."

FOLLOWING INSTRUCTIONS.

When nine-year-old Teddy displayed the shining new quarter which Mr. Brown had given him down at the corner store, mother very naturally asked if her little boy had said "Thank you," to father's friend.

No answer.

"Surely you thanked Mr. Brown," she persisted.

Still no answer. Trouble showed on the little face.

"Teddy, listen. You ought to have said, 'Thank you, sir.' Did you?"

No answer yet.

"Come here, dear little son. Tell mamma, now. Did you thank Mr. Brown for the quarter?"

"I told him, 'Thank you,' an' he said not to mention it, an' I tried not to."

INCREDIBLE.

"Now a man has decided that pretzels are not food."

"You don't mean to tell me that anyone ever thought they were food?"

AS USUAL.

"How do you like this chowder, Mr. Starboarder?" asked the land-lady.

"It is cold, but not clammy," replied Mr. Starboarder.

HEAVY HANDICAP.

"Grace won the admiration of the guides, all right."

"As to how?"

"She climbed Mont Blanc in a hobble."

PUZZLING PREDICAMENT.

"Why is Jiggers always in hot water with his wife?"

"Because they can't keep the pot boiling."

WORSE AND WORSE.

"Gracious! Isn't that bathing suit shocking!"

"You may think it is, but wait till you see her in her tube skirt."

ILLUSTRATION.

"Things are seldom as black as they are painted."

"Minstrels, for example?"

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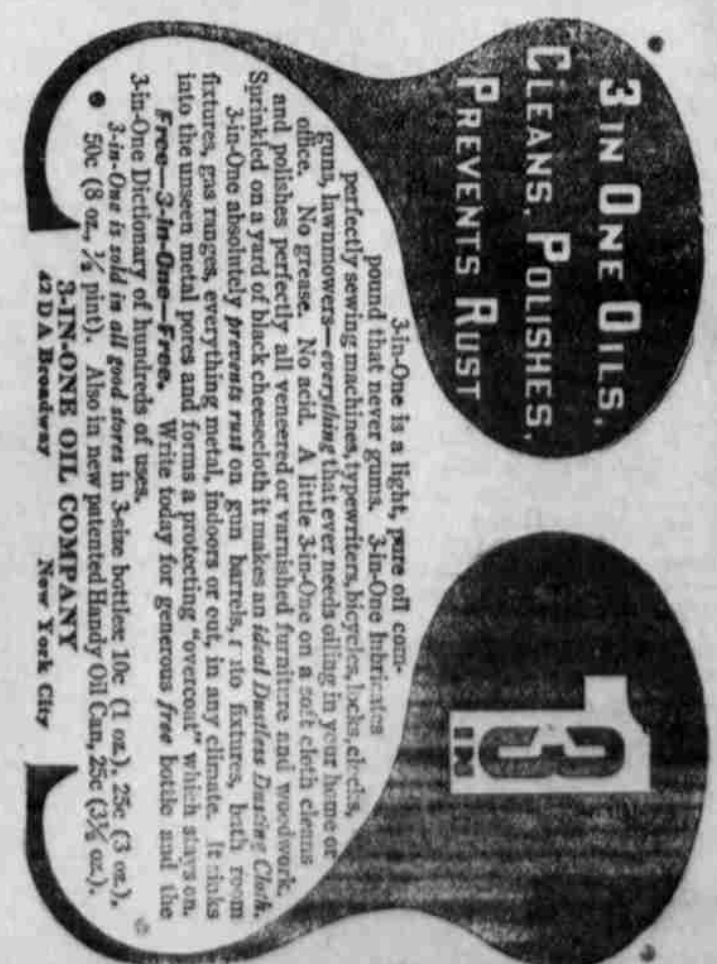
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